Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_

AP World History; Ms. Hulme

**Burned Alive**- Souad

**Background on the Book:** When Souad was seventeen she fell in love. In her Palestinian village, as in so many other villages, sex before marriage is considered a grave dishonor to one's family and is punishable by death. This was her crime. Her brother-in-law was given the task of meting out her punishment. One morning while Souad was washing the family's clothes, he poured gasoline over her and set her on fire.

In the eyes of their community he was a hero. An execution for a “crime of honor” is a duty, and Souad's brother-in-law had the full support of her parents.

Miraculously, she survived, rescued by women of her village, who put out the flames and took her to a local hospital. Horribly burned over ninety percent of her body and still denounced by her family-who strived to “finish the job” even as she lay suffering in the clinic-Souad was able to receive the care she needed only after the intervention of a European aid worker. Now in permanent exile from her homeland, she has decided to tell her story and reveal the barbarity of a practice that continues to this day.

More than five thousand honor killings are reported every year; many more go unreported. *BURNED ALIVE* is both the dramatic, heartbreaking, and inspiring testimony of one young woman's resolve to survive and build a new life-and a call to action to end a heinous tradition.

*Directions: Below are a series of excerpts from the book* Burned Alive, *which tells the real story of a woman who was punished under Sharia law. Complete the chart below based on what you have read*.

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| **Excerpt** | **What is this telling us?** | **Your Reaction—How does this make you feel reading it? Can you imagine what it would be like to be her/grow up in this way?** |
| *I am a girl. A girl must walk fast, head down, as if counting the number of steps she's taking. She may never stray from her path or look up, for if a man were to catch her eye, the whole village would label her a charmuta. If a married neighbor woman, or an old woman, or just anybody were to see her out without her mother or her older sister, without her sheep, her bundle of hay, or her load of figs, they would right away say charmuta. A girl must be married before she can raise her eyes and look straight ahead, or go into a shop, or pluck her eyebrows and wear jewelry. My mother was married at fourteen. If a girl is still unmarried by that age, the village begins to make fun of her. But a girl must wait her turn in the family to be married. The oldest daughter first, then the others.* |  |  |

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| **Excerpt** | **What is this telling us?** | **Your Reaction—How does this make you feel reading it? Can you imagine what it would be like to be her/grow up in this way?** |
| *It is a curse in my village to be born a girl. I have no memory of having played games or having fun as a child. The only freedom a girl can dream about is marriage, leaving your father's house for your husband's and not coming back, even if you're beaten. It is considered shameful for a married daughter to return home because she is not supposed to ask for protection outside her husband's house. If she does return to her father's house, it is her family's duty to bring her back to her husband. My sister was beaten by her husband and she brought shame on our family when she came back home to complain.* |  |  |
| *I had to say my prayers at least twice a day. I recited them like my mother and sisters, but I only learned of the Koran in Europe many years later. My only brother, treated like the king of the house, went to school, but the girls did not. As I've mentioned, where I come from, being born a girl was a curse. A wife must first produce a son, at least one, and if she gives birth to only girls, she is mocked. Two or three girls at most are needed for the housework, to work on the land, and see to the animals. If more girls are born, it is a great misfortune and they should be gotten rid of as soon as possible. I lived this way until about the age of seventeen without knowing anything except that I was valued less than an animal because I was a girl.* |  |  |

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| **Excerpt** | **What is this telling us?** | **Your Reaction—How does this make you feel reading it? Can you imagine what it would be like to be her/grow up in this way?** |
| *Girls wore long dresses with short sleeves made of a type of cotton, a very warm material that pricked your skin. They were gray or sometimes white, or very rarely black. The collar was high and tightly fastened. Over this we had to put a long-sleeved shirt or a vest, according to the season. It was sometimes so hot that it was stifling, but long sleeves were required. To show a bit of arm or leg-or worse, any skin below the neck-brought shame. Under the long dress we wore the saroual, which are long baggy pants that are gray or white. Worn beneath these was a pair of underpants that were cut big like shorts and that reached above the stomach. All my sisters dressed like this, too. Women usually did not wear shoes, except sometimes married women, so we were barefoot all the time.* |  |  |
| *I suddenly felt a cold liquid running over my head and instantly I was on fire. It is like a movie that has been speeded up, images racing past. I start to run in the garden, barefoot. I slap my hair, I scream. I feel my dress billow out behind me. Was my dress on fire, too?*    *I smell the gasoline and I run, the hem of my long dress getting in the way. My terror leads me instinctively away from the courtyard. I run toward the garden as the only way out. I know I'm running and I'm on fire and I'm screaming. But I remember almost nothing after that. How did I get away? Did he run after me? Was he waiting for me to fall so he could watch me go up in flames?* |  |  |